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Andromache: A Fragment

BAIRD PRIZE POEM FOR THE YEAR 1903

sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
ante urbem in luco fali Simoëntis ad undam
libebat cineri Andromache, Manisque vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem caespite inanem
et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacraverate aras.

Vergil—ÆNEIS: III; 301 et seq.

SEMI-CHORUS OF PRIESTS

O daughter of Eëtion,
The yellow light along the grass
Lies warm and welcome to our eyes;
And lo! we see, her victory won,
Returning Spring in triumph pass
Far up the hills' haze-softened rise,
Where every grove with new life teems
And Echo banters loose-tongued streams.

SEMI-CHORUS OF HANDMAIDENS

Now, far afield, the pipes of Pan
Ring clear and mellow through the trees;
The dryads hear some satyr's voice
That calls to gods or cries to man:
"Apace the sullen Winter flees—
The woods, the earth, the skies rejoice!"
O Lady, Peace comes with the years—
Let Spring within thee still thy tears.

ANDROMACHE

Ah! peace is of the dreams that linger long,
Nor die till suffering have made one blind
To youth-wrought visions, voiced in broken song!
Once, years ago—time has confused my mind
Somewhat: I half forget—there was a dream
Of life and love beat pulsing in my heart
When Spring returned each year and made me seem
To feel myself a joyous thing, apart.
So, living was sufficient for my soul:
The vaguer longings, lying undefined
Within in me, shaped to no consistent goal,
Then slept, and Peace came—and I found her kind.
But spring e'er ripened, and the joy was gone;
Completion still remained the better part—
There waited, beckoning, as Time moved on,
The fate that called me from the primal start.

O Zeus! thou heedest how thy hand was sorely laid
Against my happiness, for reckless wrong
I knew not of nor, knowing, could have stayed;
And if the Achaean heroes found my Hector strong,
There was no fault—nor have I felt regret:
Always, I hold his glory part mine own
And clothe me proudly in it, even yet,
For thence came nothing I must not have known . . .
But still my heart aches grievously, and oft
I think I cannot bear to wait so long
To feel the touch of fingers, groping, soft,
Or croon again a mother's wordless song.
Through all those thousand, useless, empty days
That bare me, childless, to a foreign throne,
My heart has longed to tempt far homelier ways
And tend and guard the seed our love had sown.

And yet, how swift the unwavering course of years!

The dull exasperation in the fall

Of grain on grain of sand, when each appears

To mark a phantom hope beyond recall,

Might drive one mad! It is no longer Peace

Who stills a cry: a numbness as of sleep

Creeps o'er my soul; so ends life's barren lease,

Though pictures of the past be graven deep.

Behold! I see the sky-bound plains of yore

Stretched out to Ida's wooded sides, and all

The dizzy glisten of the level shore

Where ships' gesticulating masts rise tall . . .

These have no meaning to me now; such is my doom:

To learn to suffer over much, and keep

A fruitless watch beside an empty tomb,

Where, sick at heart and lonely, I must weep.

SEMI-CHORUS OF PRIESTS

The Parcae mix a bitter draught;

Ye hold it to your lips and drink

Or dash the liquor from the glass.

But who has wept and who has laughed

And who has learned to act or think,

The world forgets as ages pass;

For, when the gods at last destroy,

Joy must be grief and grief be joy.

SEMI-CHORUS OF HANDMAIDENS

A sorrow shared is ever less:

The gods inflict no crushing load,

And, when the pain is great to bear,

There comes a brief forgetfulness.

Beyond the bay's blue water-road,

A white dot flashes from the glare—

A Trojan ship! The gods have heard!

Spring winds bring answer to thy word!

Paxton Pattison Hibben.

See map as frontispiece

A Week in the Log College Country

AN ordinary traveller passing along the turnpike that winds southward through the county of Bucks in Pennsylvania would take no particular interest in a certain empty field lying on his left; but were he a lover of history he would stop short and gaze earnestly, for in the middle of a potato-patch, just where a knoll rises, stood once the structure that has become famous to posterity as the Log College. Not for its size or architectural beauty did it gain renown, for it was only eighteen by twenty feet and built of the crudest materials; but because within its wooden walls were trained youths who became the intellectual giants of their day and who helped to found, among other educational institutions, the College of New Jersey. It is not remarkable then that the public at large, and Princetonians especially, have a deep interest in this building and its founder; and this interest is increased by the fact that our knowledge regarding their appearance and character is based entirely on the writings of one person, George Whitefield, who kept a diary during his evangelistic tours in this country.

Let us first glance at the meagre facts that history has given us concerning the founder, William Tennant. Born in 1673 at Armagh, Ireland, he inherited the energy, wit and fearlessness common to Irish blood. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and soon after his graduation took clerical orders and became the private chaplain of an Irish nobleman; but an acquaintance with a certain Mr. Kennedy who had been persecuted for his non-conformist views (and whose daughter he married), made him "scrupulous of conforming to the terms imposed on the "clergy of the establishment" and having, therefore, been forced to resign from the church, he brought his wife and four sons to America in 1716. During the next years that

preceded the beginning of his real life work, Tennant acted with characteristic energy. Applying for admittance to the Philadelphia Synod, then the leading judicatory of the Presbyterian Church in America, he was received and we are told that he "delivered before the Synod an elegant Latin oration." He next pursued his ministerial labors at East Chester and Bedford in New York state until 1721 when he was called to a small pastorate at Bensalem in Bucks County, Pa. Here he remained until 1726 when he was summoned to Neshaminy in the same county and in this vicinity he resided until the day of his death, May 6th, 1746. While this final period of twenty years was his main *tempus operandi*, in that it witnessed the founding of the historic school and the building of the church on the Neshaminy River, the previous events of his life are nevertheless significant, for they reveal the decision and independence of the man and presage the greater deeds that followed.

One of the problems that confronted Tennant was the education of his sons. At this time there were only three colleges in the colonies: Harvard and Yale in the north and William and Mary in the south. Between them lay a vast extent of territory in which were but few schools and these of the most rudimentary sort. Tennant had not the means to send his boys so far to college, yet he appreciated the value of a first-class training; accordingly, with their assistance, he erected a small log structure and in this humble building took upon himself the education of his sons and a few others who lived in the immediate neighborhood. Under the date of Nov. 22, 1739, Whitefield wrote in his diary: "Set out for Neshaminy (twenty miles distant from Trent Town), where old Mr. Tennant lives, and "keeps an academy, and where I was to preach, to-day, "according to appointment," and the following extract shows that, unassuming as this institution was, it was not

without its detractors: "the place wherein the young men study now is, in contempt, called the Log College." For several years longer Tennant labored incessantly but in 1742 his ill health compelled him to resign his pastorate and although he lingered until 1746 he seems in these closing years to have withdrawn from all active work. The writer, determining to investigate the Tennant country for himself, spent a week in Bucks county, taking Doylestown, the county-seat, as a head-quarters and making short tours into the country round-about. It may be remarked in passing that the entire district is a gold-mine for the seeker of historical nuggets. Its first settlers received their grants from no less a distinguished personage than William Penn; upon its soil were born and nurtured celebrated men like Zebulon Pike and Daniel Morgan; and here lived Hannah Simpson, the mother of Grant, and the ancestors of Polk and Roosevelt. But the one concerning whom local tradition speaks most often and whose memory is held in greatest reverence is Tennant.

A drive of an hour brings one close to the Neshaminy, a small river about the size of the Millstone, and upon the left bank, shaded by tall pines, lies the old cemetery in which Tennant was buried. I was fortunate enough to secure as a guide Henderson Darrah who has lived near by for many years and who is one of the elders of the present Neshaminy church—together we inspected the site of the first church. The spot where the pulpit stood is now marked by a raised slab to the memory of Nathaniel Irwin, one of the later pastors, and all that remains of the original structure is a stone set in the wall which bounds the front of the cemetery. It is a block about a foot square, green with moss, and upon its face is the legend:

W M

W G

1727

The stone was formerly in one end of the church nearly

up to the gable and the date is unquestionably that of the year in which the edifice was built. But Tennant was called to Neshaminy in 1726 and therefore for a year he must have been without a regular auditorium. Probably he used some neighboring house until the church was built and doubtless it was his energetic spirit that took the lead in this enterprise. The letters upon the stone have been a subject of much conjecture: many are of the opinion that they are the initials of the architects, who carved them after the completion of their task; while others believe that they were cut many years later by unknown persons for no other reason than their own vanity. In this connection Mr. Darrah related a story. A friend of his placed his own initials on the stone in 1851; whereupon Mr. Darrah immediately brought his hammer and chisel and chipped them off, remarking afterwards to his friend that "there 'd been enough trouble guessing what the letters meant that were already on there without fooling people with some more that did n't mean anything." The traces of this philanthropic act are still visible.

Within a few feet of the site of the old church is the grave of its founder. The slab which formerly indicated the place is now hidden beneath a more elegant granite monument erected a few years ago, and upon this is inscribed:

In Memory of

Rev. William Tennant, Sen.

Pastor of Neshaminy Church 1726-1742

And of Deep Run Church 1720-1738,

Died May 6, 1746 Aged 73 years

Founder of Log College Struit melius quam scirit.

From the cemetery it is only a few minutes ride to Hartsville where one meets the York Road. This historic thoroughfare is itself worthy of mention for it dates back to the beginning of the eighteenth century and was traversed many a time by Benjamin Franklin, especially

after his appointment as Deputy Postmaster General. Following for a mile in the track of my illustrious predecessor and paying a penny at the toll-house as did he, I found a second pilot just beyond in the person of Thomas Engart. He left a wagon half-washed and led the way to the exact spot which tradition names as the site of the Log College. Although tradition is the only authority, no one has ever questioned the site. When the anniversary of the founding of the college was celebrated in 1889, the exercises were held upon this spot and if any doubts as to its genuineness existed, they would certainly have been expressed at that time. The building faced the York Road, standing about forty feet back upon a gentle rise. Toward the north and north-east, hills meet the horizon and the many trees that are standing within view to-day seem to indicate that the land was once densely wooded. The Neshaminy River lies a mile and a half to the north but cannot be seen from this point. Bare enough the country appeared that March day; the trees looked cold in their nakedness and rotting potato-vines covered the site of the college: but in the full spring time the region is said to be most attractive. After the death of Tennant, the building was torn down and some of the logs (o tempora! o mores!) were converted into a hog-pen; others were taken across the road by one of the Carrells (of whom more anon) and formed part of a house which still remains. A Mrs. Guyon lived here later and in the house was a wooden crane which is said to have been used for cooking purposes in the Log College. This she took with her upon her removal to Philadelphia. At the time of the celebration, Johnson Beans, who then resided on an adjoining farm, went to Philadelphia, secured the loan of the crane for exhibition and endeavored to purchase it for the Bucks County Historical Society, but the owner declined to part with it for the amount offered. It is doubtless still in her possession.

Prior to the house built by Mr. Carrell and upon the same site, stood the home of Tennant. Indeed, part of the stone foundation of the present building is still pointed out as belonging to the former dwelling and Dr. Alexander in his "Log College" speaks thus of the original structure: "Here, within a few steps of his own dwelling, he erected "the building which has already been described." A person named Kirby now lives on the property and the Log College lot across the road is included in the farm of Nathan E. Perkins.

The sun was touching the hills when I drove on down the turnpike and stopped before a large, colonial house in the village of Hatborough. An elderly lady answered my ring and in response to the query whether she knew of any documents connected with the Tennant property, said that there were some old papers in the garret but that she had not examined them. She soon returned with several musty, yellow parchments which she gave to me with the remark that they were of no possible benefit to herself. The first bore the inscription:

White	}	Release
to		
Tennant		
		of land in Buck Co.
Sept. 11th 1735		

and by the greatest good fortune it proved to be the original deed for the purchase of the land on which Tennant built his home and the Log College. The document is written in the old fashioned script and begins thus: "This indenture made the eleventh day of September in "the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and "thirty-five between John White of the city of Philadelphia "merchant of the one part and the Reverend William Tennant of Northampton in Bucks County Clerg of the other "part." The words "of Northampton" are important for it had been supposed that Tennant lived continuously at Neshaminy from 1726 until his death in 1746; but North-

ampton was at least a mile and a half south of Neshaminy and it is evident that Tennant must have moved to that locality some time after 1726 and dwelt there before he purchased the land of White in 1735. Also, since the Log College was upon the same property, we are forced to conclude either that Tennant rented or was given the use of a small lot for his school before 1735 (of which no record remains); or else that he held his school elsewhere, perhaps at Northampton, until he bought the property and then erected his log building. The deed then states that Tennant paid £140 for the land and describes the boundaries in the interesting if unscientific method of those days: "Beginning at a Spanish oak marked for a corner "thence northeast by George Harris land forty-two perches to "a marked hickery etc." This is followed by a brief history of the land before its possession by John White showing that it was formerly owned by one Joseph Howell who left unpaid debts at his decease, whereupon the property was seized by Timothy Smith, High Sheriff of the county of Bucks, and sold at auction to White who was the highest bidder. The document concludes with a signed receipt of White for the money, the signatures of the witnesses and the seal of red wax which is still intact.

The other deeds indicate that after Tennant's death, his wife Katherine and his eldest son Gilbert sold the land to a certain James Baldwin who in 1748 resold it to James Carrell and Miss Matilda Carrell, the donor of the documents, is the great-great-granddaughter of James Carrell. In a foot note to his History of the Neshaminy Church, written about 1850, the Rev. D. K. Turner mentions the documents, but for over half a century they have lain untouched in the attic of the Carrell house and owing to the fact that they are of parchment, they are as legible as on the day when they were written, one hundred and sixty-eight years ago.

By means of other deeds in the court-house at Doylestown, the owners of the Log College site can be readily traced back to James Carrell, proving unquestionably that the White to Tennant deed covers the present accepted location of the College. Among other valuable papers in the court-house is the will of Tennant and also an inventory of all his moveable property, made presumably after his decease. Inasmuch as these documents have not hitherto appeared in print, they are given here in full:

WILLIAM TENNANTS

WILL

This Sixteenth Day of February Annog Domini one thosand Seven hundred & forty five I William Tenant Senir Minister of the Gospel in the Township of Warminster in the County of Bucks and Province of Pennsylvania being weak
in Body but of sound Mind

and Memory Thanks be to God therefore Call to mind the
Mortality of my

Body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to Dy Do make & ordain this my last Will and Testament in the Manner and Form following Imp'r I will that all my Just Debts be paid & fully discharged Item I Give and bequeath unto Kathren my dearly beloved Wife all my Moveable Eftate to be by her pofsefsed and enjoyed and
appoint and Constitute

her my Executrix of all my s'd Moveable Eftate so that she May at her Death or any Time before give devise or dispose of the same as she may See Cause to my Dear Sons William and Charles Tenant or to any of their Children And Also I will that my s'd well beloved Wife have Ufe, occupy and enjoy all the Rents Ifsues and Profits whatsoever that may and shall arise or accrue from my Plantation whereon I now Live or from any part thereof and that during her Natural Life And then I will that my well beloved Son Gilbert Tenant whom I constitute make and appoint my only & Sole Executor of this my Laft Will and Testament as concerning all my Plantation, Messuage And Track of Land So that I authorize and oppoint him to sell and lawfully to convey away the same and the Money arising from said Sale I will that one hundred

pounds Current lawfull Money of s'd Province be paid to my Grandson William Son of William Tenant Jun'r and fifty Pounds of like lawfull Money be paid to my Grandson William Son of Charles Tenant and after that my Exe'c hath paid himself for his Trouble what may then remain I Desire that he may at his own Disgrefion Divid among my Children And I do herby utterly Disallow Revoke and Disanul all and every former Teftaments Wills Legacies and Executors by me in any wife before this Time named willed and bequeathed Ratifying & confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Teftament In Witnefs whereof I have hereunto Set my Hand and Seal the Day and Year first above written WILLIAM TENNENT (seal)—
Signed Sealed published pronounced and Declared by the said William Tenant Seni'r as his last Will and Teftament in the Presence of Charles Beatty Evan Jones.

An Inventory of the Goods and Chattoles of the Rev. Mr. William Tenant of Warminster in Bucks County Is as followeth

To apparel	£10	0	110
To a Desk Cubort and four Tables	4	0	0
To Eighteen Chairs and Looking Glafs	1	13	—
To Watch and Tea Ware	5	5	—0
To Puller and Tinn Ware	5	10	—0
To Brafs Iron and Copper Ware	6	04	—0
To Barrells and all wooden Ware	3	—15	—0
To Chests Boxes Cuburt and Dough trough	1	—10	—0
To Carpenters Tools Sickle Stylyards	2	—0	—0
To Bed Beding and Two Spining Wheels	5	—1	0
To Implyments of Husbandry	3	5	0
To Sadles and Bridles	3	0	0
To the Wagon Syder Mill and prefs	8	5	
To the Corn In the Gorund	8	0	0
To Two Horfes	12	0	0
To the Cattle and Hogs	8	0	0
To the Thrice Negroes	40	0	0
To the Servants Times	10	0	0

As the Several particulars Were prised this Eighth Day of April 1746 by us as witnefs our hands

JACOBUS C (name obliterated)
EVAN JONES

The papers reveal the fact that Tennant was in moderate circumstances, according to the standard of living in his day. His salary must have been small and if it was paid him in the form of some staple article, as in the case of the Virginia clergy who received a certain quantity of tobacco per annum, this would account for his apparent lack of ready money. Charles Beatty, one of the witnesses to the will, was apparently a close friend of Tennant's and succeeded him as pastor of the Neshaminy Church; the other witness, Evan Jones, also seems to have been a family confidante for he assisted in making the inventory. But the list itself is the most suggestive for from its different items the imagination can readily picture the surroundings and home life of Tennant. Let us say for instance that the time is some afternoon in the fall. The negroes are busily cutting the corn that is to feed the live stock during the coming winter; off in the orchard servants are loading the apples for the "syder" mill; the cattle are grazing in the meadow; inside the dwelling the good housewife is kneading at her dough trough; the white-haired old minisier dismisses his pupils for the day, walks slowly across the road and after refreshing himself with a glass of apple-jack from the "cubort" (even the clergy took their sip in those days) sits down at his desk to write his—but perhaps it was only sweet cider after all!

Remarkable it is that of all the durable articles mentioned in the inventory, not one is traceable to-day — they have either been destroyed or remain in some one's possession unrecognized.

Whatever data we may lack concerning the appearance and peculiarities of William Tennant, we possess ample evidence of his character for it was stamped clear cut upon his pupils. Gilbert Tennant in New Brunswick, John in Freehold, William who succeeded him, John Rowland, called "the hell-fire Rowland" and Charles Beatty—all

were full of their teacher's fiery religious spirit and became the leaders in a revival that overspread the entire country at that time. Nor was his influence as an educator less potent. Schools were founded by Log College men at Faggs Manor and Nottingham whose high standard of learning gave witness to his qualities as a student and a teacher. *And Princeton University owes an incalculable debt to William Tennant.* Granting that it is uncertain whether Log College men coöperated with Burr, Dickinson and others in the organization of the College of New Jersey or whether they were received later into the board of trustees, under the terms of the first charter given by Acting Governor John Hamilton, inasmuch as our sole authority is an advertisement of the first charter appearing in the Pennsylvania Gazette under the date of August 13, 1747 which says: "That by his Majesty's Royal Charter for erecting a college in New Jersey Messrs. William Smith, Peter Vanbrugh Livingston, William Peartree Smith, gent. and Messrs. Jonathan Dickenson, John Pierson, Ebenezer Pemberton and Aaron Burr, ministers of the gospel, are appointed trustees of the said college: WITH FULL POWER TO ANY FOUR OR MORE OF THEM, TO CHUSE FIVE MORE TRUSTEES TO THE EXERCISE OF EQUAL POWER AND AUTHORITY IN THE SAID COLLEGE, WITH THEMSELVES. BY VIRTUE OF WHICH POWER, THE SAID TRUSTEES, NOMINATED IN THE CHARTER, HAVE CHOSEN THE REV. MESSRS. GILBERT TENNANT, WILLIAM TENNANT, SAMUEL BLAIR, RICHARD TREAT AND SAMUEL FINLEY, AS TRUSTEES OF THE SAID COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY:" thus in truly Delphic style leaving us to determine whether the Log College men were actually among the prime movers, but delegated, perhaps for reasons of personal influence, the seven mentioned to secure the charter from Hamilton; or whether after the seven had taken the initiative and procured the charter, the

Log College men were included as trustees under the provisions of that charter — granting that the ORIGINATING part played by the Log College men remains still unsettled, nevertheless the relationship between the two institutions is close, clear, vital.

Log College men were the cause of a schism in the Philadelphia Synod the result of which was the founding of what is now Princeton University under private rather than institutional control, thereby affording greater freedom and a larger opportunity for growth. The Log College gave in Samuel Finley, Samuel Blair, William Tennant, Jr. and Gilbert Tennant one third of the original twelve trustees of the College of New Jersey; in William Tennant, Jr. and John Blair two acting-presidents, for the space of several months; and in Samuel Finley who, there is every reason to believe, was a Log College alumnus and in Samuel Davies who graduated from a school founded by a Log College man, it furnished two of our most successful Presidents.

And graduates of the Log College developed in marked degree the moral tone and intellectual fibre which have ever been and must continue to be the secrets of the success of this university.

Charles Spencer Richardson, Jr.

In the Shadow of the Rock.

THEY were sitting in the shade of a rock on a bluff overlooking the lake. Two bags of golf clubs were lying on the grass nearby, the caddies having yielded to the powers of silvery persuasion and discreetly disappeared. Not far away the Niagara river began its journey to Ontario, the waters gradually gathering strength and force, as they slipped along between their banks, for the mighty leap they must take. Perhaps an ordinary human would have been fascinated with the great blue sheet of Lake Erie stretched before him — a deep blue sheet dotted here and there with a sail or a steamer — and the listless waves throwing back the sunlight defiantly as they rose and fell. Perhaps he would have felt the inspiration of the beauty of this mid-June day and gloried in it.

But the man sitting in the shadow of the rock saw none of these things. He could only watch the girl opposite him as she gazed absently over the lake — watching her with envy in his heart for the breeze which toyed with her hair and the sunbeams which gently kissed her cheek. Presently she turned towards him and spoke.

"Well sir," she began, settling herself back composedly against the rock. "You brought me here to talk and you have n't said a word for fully fifteen minutes. Do n't you know that you're not a bit interesting when you sit there day-dreaming?"

"I was n't day-dreaming" he corrected her, arousing himself. "I was wondering if the sunbeams in your hair and the roses in your cheeks —"

"Billy!" she interrupted, tossing her head petulantly, "how many times must I tell you that you're perfectly ridiculous — even absolutely foolish — when you try to 'jolly'? Wont you ever learn to be sensible?"

"I was n't 'jollying,' in the first place" he said, "and—"

"Now Billy!" she began, holding up a warning finger. "But you need n't get cross — you know I'm right—do n't you?"

"You're always right, except in one thing."

"And that is?" she queried, smiling.

"That you always think I'm 'jollyng,' and wont even believe me when I tell you I mean it all. Do n't you see, Dorothy" he went on quickly "do n't you see that I'm crazy about you all the time? That I can't ever be happy away from you and that I want you —"

"Billy, you must n't!" she exclaimed, checking him in the midst of his declaration. "You must n't say any more. I'm so sorry, Billy, that it's come to this, because while I do love you — in a sisterly way —"

"Please ma'am, I've a large family of sisters already" he interrupted, abjectly.

"Do n't interrupt me, please. While I do love you in a sisterly way, it can never be anything else, because — because" she was blushing very becomingly now "because I've already promised —"

"My superior officer, George Stribling" he finished for her.

"Billy" she said, nodding approvingly, "you ought certainly to play the races if you can pick the winner so easily."

"I can pick an 'also-ran' much easier just now" he said bitterly. "It's still a secret, I suppose."

"And do n't you breathe a word of it to anybody. It's not to be announced till just before the regiment starts for the Islands. How will you like me as your Captain's wife?" she asked, laughing.

"I'd prefer you as my own" he answered. "But come on, *Sister* Dorothy (I suppose you've joined that family I spoke of) let's be getting back — I wan't to congratulate Stribling and get excused from parade on the strength of

it." He gathered up the golf bags and helped the girl to her feet. She stood looking up at him a moment and then, laying her hand on his arm said with a seriousness to which he was entirely unaccustomed.

"Will you promise me something—something very important—for my sake?"

"Dorothy" he answered, "in the words of my old friend Cyrano de Bergerac.

I for your joy would gladly lay mine own down,
E'en though you never were to know it—never
—If but at times I might—far oft and lonely—
Hear some gay echo of the joy I brought you!

"Promise you'll look out for him and—and do n't let him get reckless—and all that sort of thing—and that you'll bring him back to me—"

"That 's just like a girl" he laughed. "Shall I put a tag—"

"I think you're very mean" she interrupted, stamping her foot and tears springing to her eyes.

"Oh for heaven's sake do n't do *that*!" he begged, seeing her eyes glistening. "Yes, I'll promise—seriously—and every time a Filipino rifle cracks I'll throw a charm over him—for your sake." And before she could stop him he had bent down and kissed her very gently—once.

"For your sake, sister—I promise."

* * * * *

It was towards the end of a long day's "hike," some four months later, that Stribling's company of khaki-clad "doughboys" (that being the military vernacular for infantry men) reached the bank of the Rio Aroyo, one of the numerous streams of the Island of Samar. There is little of the glory of war, and none of its romance in "hiking." A friendly (for the time being) Filipino comes into camp with positive information as to the whereabouts of some prominent insurrecto chief and his body-guard. You

take ten days' rations of canned bacon and hard tack, and put a hundred rounds into your belt. Then you spend five days stumbling single-file through jungles and swamps, swamps and jungles, cutting every inch of your way through, and drenched to the skin all the time. At the end you find the enemy has gracefully disappeared and you consume your remaining five days' rations getting back to camp and a dry uniform. That is why, when you do get a chance to shoot civilization into the Filipino, you take careful aim and shoot often.

Stribling's men would have been glad, even delighted, to have shot civilization into anything that afternoon, but the only prospect before them was the broad current of the Aroyo swollen by rains—a fast-flowing muddy mass of water. The captain gazed at it disconsolately, idly puffing a care-worn cigarette which hung dejectedly from his lips.

"Billy" he said finally, turning to his subaltern, "the men can get across there easily enough, but as for that poor old jackass of ours—why, the poor beast's 'all in' now—he'd never get through that current with a mountain howitzer strapped to his back—never in the world."

"What the devil did we ever bring a mountain howitzer along for, anyhow?" the junior asked savagely.

"If you put your question in writing and forward it through the proper military channels may be you'll find out what I'd like to know myself." Stribling laughed. "But do you perceive? It's up to us to build a raft and ferry the bloomin' gun across."

"Which means you and I take mud baths stretching a rope to the other bank while the men build a floating gun platform, I suppose," Billy gloomily remarked.

"If you had n't been such a good guesser as you are you'd never have gotten through the Point, Billy" Stribling answered. "Well, the uniform is undress. Come on." So saying he proceeded to adopt the uniform of the hour

and shortly afterwards they were both swimming towards the opposite bank.

They had nearly reached the middle of the stream, with the subaltern leading, when a jet of water leaped into the air nearby and a moment later a hail of Filipino bullets struck around them.

"It's raining—and from a clear sky!" Billy called back over his shoulder. "Hurry up, old man, you'll get wet!" But the words had scarcely left his lips when he heard that sullen "chug" of a bullet against human flesh. "They've got him!" he gasped, and turning swam with all his might towards Stribling's drifting body, which was to all appearances lifeless. But the younger man, slipping an arm around his companion, started manfully for the shore. It was no easy work swimming across that current, bearing the weight of a man's body, and he moved very slowly towards safety. Everywhere around him bullets sang and zipped as they hit the water, and little by little his strokes grew less powerful. But he seemed to have a charmed life, for in the midst of the hail of lead he drew nearer and nearer to his goal, foot by foot and inch by inch. The body he was supporting grew intolerably heavy, but he clung on desperately, knowing that he was reaching the slower portion of the current with every effort. He seemed utterly oblivious to his own danger and yet cursed his men on shore for exposing themselves to an unseen enemy, and ordered them back when they would have jumped into the stream to aid him. But they rushed to him cheering as he at last reached shallow water and staggered ashore with Stribling's limp body in his arms. He laid it down tenderly, sputtering:

"He's not hurt—only stunned by a spent bullet—and they never even touched—"

But the sentence was never finished, for he suddenly lunged forward onto his hands and knees, the warm red

blood of a brave man hallowing the earth beneath him. And, as his men caught his body on their arms, they heard him murmur, as one out of his mind: "Gladly — for your joy — would — I — lay mine —"

* * * * *

Some two years after this, a man and a girl were sitting in the shadow of the rock on the bluff overlooking the lake and the Niagara river. The waters were glistening in the sun, and occasionally a beam of light flashed across the lake and reflected from some polished capstan of an incoming steamer. The man and the girl had been silent for a long time, but at last the man spoke.

"A penny for your thoughts Dorothy — or are n't they worth so much?"

"I was thinking of an afternoon like this two years ago — and all that has happened since." She answered, thoughtfully. They lapsed into silence again. The man waited a while, and tried once more.

"You're looking very attractive, Dorothy —"

"Now do n't begin jollyng" she interposed, warningly.

"Do you really think I am?" he asked, in an injured tone.

The girl's face suddenly assumed an unwonted expression of tenderness. She moved a little nearer to him, gently placing her hand in his as she looked up into his face:

"No" she answered, very slowly. "No, I don't think you are — any more — Billy, dear."

And a little later, when she had struggled free again, she asked:

"Billy! are you *really* going to ask Captain Stribling to be best man?"

Walter Foote Sellers.

Young April

In the sweet morning sunlight yesterday,
I came upon young April all alone,—
 Beside a little pond the shy boy lay,
Stretched out upon the warm breast of a stone.
There the marsh-marigolds had moored their fleet,
 An aureate argosy of spring, to hark
His pipes blow silverly, so silver sweet,
They mock the bugle of the distant lark.

Cunningly had he wrought those pipes—o'—Pan
From reeds he found where a brown meadow-brook
 Full-fed by rains and cold and clear, now ran
Over its bed of pebbles till it took
A sudden mind to broaden to a slue,
 Begirt with whispering calamus and sedge,
Its center ruffled to a brilliant blue,
And the bare budding twigs glassed in its edge.

There all day long he mused ; to-day, the sound
Of faint, far music from his reedy flute
 Lures me to wander over new-ploughed ground
And pregnant earth that stires in every root
With spring-time fervor ; and the pleasant scents
 Of moist warm soil and thickly springing flowers
Tell me young April lies in indolence
On some green bank, and, rich in quiet hours,

Gazes, half-dreaming, at the big blue sky
And the white clouds that slowly pass o'erhead.

Only he rouses when the vibrant cry
Of bird that shouts for joy since March has fled,
Or softer, memory-saddened, bluebird's note

Comes to his keen expectant ear ; which heard,
So well he answers from his full, round throat,
He brings them near, by doubt and longing stirred.

* * * * *

For thus it seems that Youth, embodied Spring,
Might chance be heard by mortals, unawares,

Might thus be glimpsed in wood-ways lingering,
Or found a-field by paths where no one fares.

The grass crushed where he lay, the answering cry,

The sense of just-deserted haunt, the day,

Has told me of him, and until I die

Him shall I seek, though aye he slip away.

Samuel McCoy.

Poet-friendships

A lover of poetry while reading a poet's lines is always conscious of a feeling more or less powerful that he is in touch with a living spirit. With him poetry becomes an association with the poet himself. Each word, each line, each couplet, carries in it and breathes an emotion of a sentient being, and these emotions after a reading, sympathetic and deep, combine into a personality which he feels to be that of the poet. Between the true lover of poetry and the true poet the pleasure of poetry rests not with the words and rhythm, but with this knowability of a personal, living charm. Through this communion of the reader's personality with the poet's, friendship is formed: a friendship ineffable, yet one so fully felt and appreciated and sympathized with by the soul, that if by some sudden and strange transformation to life, the reader were to meet the live poet, he would know with what amount of friendship his heart would greet him. This friendship is possible to everyone who shall read a poet with love and deep, true appreciation, and it disappears before disinterestedness and lack of sympathy, leaving the cold lifeless lines of the poet to tell him nothing of their hidden truth. The personality of the poet must be found and cherished to ever realize all that he has to give. The strength and fellow-feeling of this friendship is conditioned by the harmony and sympathy existing between the qualities and elements of the two personalities. Hence one person will admire Keats because his emotional attributes sympathize more with love of the beautiful, and hope, and eternal youth, while another, by reason of his different characteristics will prefer Arnold, for his sweet sadness and note of farewell.

Though the manner by which we come to know our friends among the poets is not the same as with our friends

of the living world, yet similiar psychological laws control our desire or unwillingness for friendship. If we choose our friends for their real excellences, and not for any direct or indirect utility of their friendship, we believe that they are of finer qualities than those whom we have known and not clung to. It is indeed a psychical mystery why one man will look into another's eyes and feel sympathy and friendship, while in the eyes of his neighbor he will meet antagonism. Both the first and the second may be men of equal moral goodness and genuiness, yet he likes the one, and scorns the other. There is wanting that bond of sympathy between the two, which when present, causes the charm of congeniality and friendship, and when absent, creates the conventional hypocrisy of a mere cordiality. But most men will say that those whom they dislike are persons far inferior to their personal friends. They have their criterion of people based upon their egoistic judgments, yet an impartial standpoint will prove that those for whom they express their disapproval have oftentimes as many virtues and as few vices as their chosen favorites.

These same, as little warranted likes and dislikes, exist between reader and poet. One often sees a lover, say of Tennyson, who slights Browning as not quite worthy of his attention and reading, while across the street will be found a learned scholar who regards the author of "*In Memoriam*" as a poet of narrow mind and of false notes, the strings of whose lyre were blown rather by a sharp east wind than by the needed amorous breath. The judgment by these two persons of Browning and Tennyson are exactly contrary, yet it cannot be said that either is alone correct. If I should ally myself to the panegyrist of Browning, hundreds of people would say that I was erring, while an equal number would applaud my decision. A study of the characteristics of a poet's critics will reveal the

fact that his enthusiasts all come under one category of personalities, while those who disapprove of him and who admire another fall under a different. But it undoubtedly would be wrong to believe that the first mentioned are of fewer excellences than the second, or that the second have more unworthy attainments than the first.

As we sneer at an acquaintance whom we do not happen to like, so we utter our scratching judgments regarding the poets and against those whose poetical tastes are the contrary of ours, never stopping to remember that the wanting harmony between our personality and the poet's was not their fault or intention. How much better it would be for us to adopt a feeling of tolerance towards the poets, and take some to our hearts with love and fellow-feeling and gladness, not scorning the remainder as unfit for our company, but gently leaving them for others who will love them because their soul and not ours has that necessary chord of sympathy. We have all heard about a great, divine love which entering into the heart transcends all hitherto known happiness and never causes the one who possesses it to go astray. And there is a great love of poetry, which is the same love manifesting itself in another beautiful emotion. Only he who holds to this true love, will ever realize the truth and the beauty and the sympathy of the poet friendship. This love will never come to the one who holds strong dislikes in his heart towards the least of the poets, for even this slightest tinge of animosity will take away the truth he would wish from his favorite. It is sometimes believed that for one to have the strongest capacity for loving, an equal amount of hatred is necessary, that intense loves and hatreds live together in the same soul; but for such an one these psychical friendships will never come, and the spirit of the poet that is hovering over every book of poetry and awaiting with an anxious, glad smile for the one whom he can love, and whisper his pleasant thoughts and rhapsodies,

shall vanish for ever from his attainment. And if we from an unfortunate lack of sympathy must pass him by, let us do so with courtesy and not with sneers, lest we should cause the smile to fade away from the kind face of the poet, injured, and the great love in our own heart to be dimmed.

Louis Woodruff Wallner.

Jure divino

Our doubts like a horde of colored devils
Harshly commanded by a hideous wraith,
Ravage and o'erturn with fiendish pleasure
The simple youthful glory of our faith.

That old paradox of Divine intent
That we should never know what to believe,
Yet ever conscious of the right to do,
Live on in doubt and faith—a strange made weave.

Louis Woodruff Wallner.

Their Day

THE dew lay, as it were a night-sweat of the earth, damp and burdensome upon the grass, matting its blades oppressively against the moist soil. Down the uneven aisles of the orchard, there lingered still some clouds of darkness, shadows of the night, clinging to the trees, waiting the presence of the sun before departing. The rays from a candle, sifted through the latticed walls of the kitchen, seemed jaundiced in the pink light of morning; yet within the circle of its radiance, the yellow flame cast hesitating beams against the smoke-accentuated blackness of the room. In the gloom of a far corner, leaning over a low table, a girl was rolling flat a shapeless mountain of dough and cutting it into neat discs with the top of a baking-powder can. She worked rapidly, with the mechanical deftness of one long used to an employment; her skirts were gathered under the string of her apron; she wore rubber boots, still glistening from recent contact with the grass.

Outside, a door banged and the noise of hob-nailed shoes scraping over the floor of the gallery which ran along one face of the house, caught her attention. She paused, smiled to herself, then bent to peer into the oven, where the soda-biscuits now lay browning. Through the lattice, she could see a tall, big-boned, red-haired boy of a man, turning the clanking handle of the pump. He placed his tin wash-basin on a stump, skillfully scooped out handfuls of water and applied it vigorously to the long reaches of his hairy arms, to the sun-burned portions of his face and neck. A moment later, he was groping for the towel, hanging limp and somewhat soiled against the wall of the house.

"Breakfast ready?" he roared from its folds.

"In a shake. Take that thar crock an' bring up the butter, Jed."

Jed finished the drying process and obeyed, whistling. When he returned, he stood leaning on the railing of the gallery, watching the girl through the screen door.

"Yore father up?" she asked, busying herself now between the dining room and the kitchen.

"'Course not. Jest 'cause we want to git away he 'll like 's not sleep nigh onto eight o'clock. See 'f he do n't."

"'Tell y' what, Jed," she stood in the doorway, wiping her hands on the apron. Her face was scarlet from the heat of the stove, she was panting a bit from the hurry. Standing so, bright-eyed and animated, her appearance was not ungrateful to the country boy. Mechanically he felt rather than saw that she was well developed—too well developed for her age, perhaps; but of this he was not conscious; had he been so, the fact would have meant nothing to him. She was a woman—he thought himself a man. It was sufficient.

"'Tell y' what, Jed" she said. "You get the ho'ses fed an' yore chores done. I 'll git all the dishes washed I kin, 'n' get dressed. Then y' kin get yore clothes on while I 'm washin' the rest of the dishes. We ought 'o git started by eight, Jed. Never mind the wood; I 'll split that while I 'm a-waitin'."

"It 's a-goin' t' be a purty day, Hetty" he replied, moving towards the door. "Aint them biscuits done yet?"

"Land alive! I nigh onto forgot about 'em!" She bustled about and, in a moment more he was seated at one end of the table, alternately shoveling in fried eggs with a knife and sucking steaming coffee from a saucer.

No more was said about the order of business for the morning; Jed did as the girl had suggested. When a grey-bearded, gnarled old man shuffled out onto the gallery an hour later, he found Hetty carrying in arm-loads of wood which she had been splitting.

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"Where 's Jed?" he asked.

"Curryin' the ho'ses, Majah."

"Might 'a' knowed he was a-goin' some'rs, 'r he would n't 'a' ben a-workin' so soon." He took a bottle from the corner cupboard and poured out a stiff drink. "You all cal'lat' t' go 'fore noon?"

"Yes sir." She watched him narrowly. "I 'll put the things in the safe where y' kin get 'em. We aint a-goin' t' stay late"

"Do n't let the boy spend no money on y', gal. He aint no bus'ness spendin' money on nobody." The girl flushed to the eyes, started to reply, then ran into kitchen. The old man looked after her. When he had finished his breakfast he followed, and taking a silver dollar from his purse, put it on the table. "Thar, gal!" he said not unkindly. "Ef y' want anything, jes' buy it yo'rself."

He turned and took a broad-brimmed hat from a peg in the latticed wall. Jamming it over his eyes, he shuffled out of the room.

By eight o'clock, Jed was already uncomfortable in his finery: square-toed, congress boots, a high collar and flaming necktie, a black broad-cloth suit which had draped his father's figure until that old soldier grew too bent to wear it longer. Hetty, too, waiting by the rose-arched gate, was adorned beyond her wont. Her dress was her own handiwork and the fact was patent: loose across the breast, tight about the waist, it accentuated her figure; higher from the ground in front than behind, it displayed a rather well-worn pair of shoes, large at best, yet even larger than her feet required. Her complexion, not particularly noticable in the kitchen, was more plainly imperfect in its setting of wide sunbonnet and high-necked dress. Yet she was clean and her yellow hair was neatly drawn back from her forehead, bound in a painfully tight knot somewhere in the recesses of her headgear.

Jed drove up, one foot hanging out of the body of the

side-bar buggy. The girl climbed over him and tucked the frayed lap-robe in beside her. For a while they proceeded in silence. She was thinking of the Major and his gift; he was not thinking. Forging the creek at the boundry of his father's farm, he remarked upon the depth of the stream. Thenceforward they spoke of the crops, of their neighbors, of the sheep they passed and the dogs that barked at them: trite commonplaces, the staple of daily conversation, the narrow orbit of a farmer's thoughts.

Overhead, the trees met in a vault of plaited branches green, cool, fragrant. Among the bushes beside the sandy road, now a squirrel played, now a tiny blue-bird regarded them wonderingly. Once the girl saw a scarlet-coated cardinal perched upon a fence-rail; everywhere her eyes met with dusty foliage and vivid-colored summer flowers. Little by little a vague sense of satisfaction stole over her. It all seemed very far from the gloomy kitchen with its crocks and kettle. It was quiet, it was different, it was strange; some sense of the beauty of the scene came home to her, unrecognized. When they emerged from the shaded aisle, atop a lofty hill, and far below them there stretched hazy and shimmering, a vista of fields and groves and narrow streams, she half gestured to stop the horse—then suddenly, ashamed of she knew not what, sank back, confused.

"What 's it, Hetty—Land alive! I did n't see that! Th' old gal 's got a rock 'n 'er hoof—hold 'er f'r a minute; I 'll git it out." He sprang to the ground and busied himself with his task. Instinctively, Hetty felt grateful for what she considered his voluntary oversight of her perturbation. She glanced at him strangely as he climbed back into the buggy. He was annoyed by the delay but, for her, his silence bore a subtler meaning. Impelled to greater confidence by this imagined consideration, she allowed the conversation to drift into channels of wider freedom; she forgot for the nonce that she was "hired girl." Like

happy children, they drove into the town, which lay sprawled out upon the earth, congested with vehicles, shrouded in dust, suffocating in its heat and squalid in its ugliness. To them it might have been a very paradise; whether for better or worse, change could not but be attractive.

They stopped before one of the numerous saloons; Jed left his companion sitting alone in the buggy. For a time she watched the crowd; black-bearded patriarchs from the mountains; tired wives, badgered by restless children; precocious urchins of the town, foul of tongue and uproarious in their play. A drunken figure lurched from the swinging doors behind which Jed had disappeared. She turned away from watching him, unquiet, seeking distraction in the passing wagons. Suddenly Jed emerged, sprang into his seat and, laughing boisterously for no evident cause, guided their course towards the main street—and the fair grounds. His mirth seemed contagious. They raced down the road laughing aloud. At the gate, Jed tossed two broad dollars on the grass and the buggy swung into the field which did duty as the location of the county fair. A seemingly interminable row of other buggies stretched around the nearest side of a low hill, their tops thrown back, white with the dust; beside each, its horse was picketed. Most of them were standing in the sunlight, jaded and restless, distracted by flies. Hither Jed drove and joined his mare to the unhappy throng. Hetty helped him to unhitch and, together, they sought the opposite side of the hill where all the wonders of the eventful fair were hidden. They were sordid wonders enough: peanut stands where, too, pink lemonade might be purchased or pop-corn, in sticky rolls. Gambling devices innumerable, a race course, a shooting gallery, a noisy merry-go-round—these completed the attractions. The grass was trodden to a dusty powder; everywhere the sun shone shrivelingly; strident voices in-

vited, eager crowds tempted, cooling beverages enticed — the place was teeming with sweltering life. To Jed and Hetty it was perfect.

They bought a bag of pea-nuts at the first stall and mounted the grandstand overlooking the race track. Before them, on the segment of the course lying nearest that roofless wooden structure, farmers, horse-breeders and stock-raisers were exhibiting mules. Jed found a passing absorption in the contest; Hetty's attention drifted to the crowd about her. The people were of many sorts; the greater part of them watched the exhibitors perfunctorily; many, however, broke into chattering groups, shouted across animated hedge-rows of the others, bantered local gossip and intimate personalities; girls, not unlike herself, flirted obviously with red-faced youths. These she regarded with an envious interest.

In the gang-way below them, men with handkerchiefs tucked into their collars, or collarless, were jostling one another in aimless peregrination; Hetty searched them in vain for a familiar face. Suddenly, above the heads of those behind her, she saw a woman whom she knew, sitting alone, and waved at her; the woman only smiled pathetically; a dirty baby lay across her lap; a second fretted sleepily at her feet.

The exhibit of mules was over. An officious person tied the ribbons to the halters of the winning animals and announced inarticulately the names of their owners. The bearer of the red ribbon was ridden by a negro who broke into a whoop of delight and capered off the track, dragging his prize behind him. The performance elicited a spontaneous burst of laughter from the crowd. Jed ceased munching pea-nuts and turned to his companion.

"Ought 'o had fust," he said.

"Yes?" Her eyes were following the husband of the woman with the babies; he had been drinking too much

and was gesticulating extravagantly in a group of amused by-standers. Hetty flushed; she was poignantly uncomfortable. She glanced towards the wife, then turned her eyes away, hastily. The woman was bent over the child in her lap, in an attitude of infinite, protecting tenderness.

Saddle horses were now being shown in the "ring." A strange party entered the grandstand and the press in the gangway gave back respectfully before the new-comers. The foremost was a tall girl, fair-haired, with baby face and fresh complexion. She wore her clothes unconsciously; they were well-made, unobtrusively effective. The men of the party were not remarkable; they were clean, quiet, always considerate. Another woman brought up the rear. She was pretty and vivacious; her gown was more pretentious than the other's; her affiliation with the crowd about them less nominal. Curiosity may have moved them both; it was not apparent. In those among whom they found themselves, curiosity was frankly dominant; they stared at the invaders and commented in undertones.

The party paused at the bench behind which Jed and Hetty sat. The tall girl smiled at him and Jed removed his feet. In an instant Hetty was hostile; instinctively she found the girl the exemplification of all that she herself was not. She placed her feet deliberately upon the bench. The glance which she received was not even curious, not even contemptuous; it was devoid of emotion. The girl gently pushed the clumsy shoes aside and was seated. Every fibre of Hetty's body rebelled; tears filled her eyes; she glanced at Jed. He had found an interest in the exhibit of saddle horses and thither he directed his companion's attention. Again she thanked him in her heart for an unintended appreciation. This it was which led her to overlook his expansive exhibition of knowledge, his facetious comments and prodigal display of wit. They were directed at the girl below; Hetty knew it, yet she took

the compliment to herself with a conscious blindness to what she saw. She lent herself actively to his enthusiasm. Ultimately he found her eagerness preferable to the other's indifference. It was Hetty's triumph and she was happy of it.

At one o'clock, the exhibitions in the "ring" ceased; the crowd poured from the grandstand and scattered about the grounds, many to the merry-go-round, more still to the gambling booths. Hetty hastened back to the buggy and drew forth a basket of food, threw some corn on the ground in front of the picketed mare and carried the basket to the top of the hill where she deposited the contents upon a bit of red table cloth, spread over the parched earth. A scraggy tree, maimed and dust-laden so that its character as a particular species was lost, pretended to shade the spot. When all was ready, Hetty looked about for Jed. He was nowhere in sight. The thought of the tall girl who had sat below them in the grandstand returned to her, an unreasoning pang. Leaving the luncheon still spread upon the grass, she hurried back to the more crowded portion of the grounds, below. At first she was as if lost in a sea of strange faces, inert, unsympathetic and indifferent. Here the heat was oppressive, yet the men were swarming about each of the gambling devices in eager, evil-smelling eddies. At one, she saw Jed, his red head and redder face thrust up from among those about him. He was not gambling: he was looking on, fascinated. His hand clenched the money in his pocket; from time to time he half drew it out at the suave plea of the man behind the table for "some other gent to make it two." A natural cupidity deterred him, however, as did also his ignorance of the carefully dressed, polite stranger who was offering to "break the bank" if some one would share with him the honor (and perils) of the undertaking. When this latter individual was finally persuaded to venture a solitary wager, which

he promptly won, Jed's cupidity joined his curiosity and urged him to try his own fortune. It was at this point that Hetty, who had wormed her way into the crowd, not without rejecting various crude advances from those of the less absorbed whom she pushed aside, laid a hand upon Jed's arm and reminded him of the luncheon. He hesitated long enough to see the stranger double his stakes and win again. Then, only the most insistent suggestions from Hetty succeeded in dragging him away.

At first he was inclined to be vexed at what he deemed a lost opportunity. But when Hetty pointed out that the gambler could scarcely be expected to lose three times "running," he deferred to this superstition of the inconstancy of chance and the two climbed the hill, hand in hand. At the top, Jed produced a bottle as his addition to the feast, from which Hetty, at first, refused to drink. But the food was dry, and she was ultimately constrained to accept the proffered liquor; under its genial influence the meal soon became animated; they pelted each other with bread, laughed immoderately at any provocation and, when the last crumb had disappeared, gathered the dishes hastily together and raced with them down the hill to the buggy. Jed watered the mare, and the two made straightway to the merry-go-round: it was as if they had denied themselves this final pleasure to enjoy the longer its anticipation. Around and around they spun, not once but many times, calling back and forth above the jangling music and the noise of the engine. Hetty's skirts were flying and, in trying to control them, she allowed her sun-bonnet to fall back upon her shoulder; her hair loosened and wisps of it were blown about her flushed cheeks. She was perfectly happy, and her happiness brought a beauty to her which left her companion wondering, vaguely, and unquiet; he had not seen her so before; a new and undefined desire was born in him. He was sorry when she forbade the expenditure of more money on the merry-go

'round and pushed a way through the surrounding crowd to stand in the sunlight, deftly arranging the disordered mass of her yellow hair. But unreasoningly, he was glad when she decided to carry the sun-bonnet, swinging it as she walked. On their way to the grandstand, they passed the gambling booth where Jed had formerly been so interested a spectator. His pace slackened; he paused.

"'Guess I 'll watch 'em a bit, Hetty—you g' on an' I 'll meet y' in the stand. The races wont begin fur a while yet, I reckon." His declared purpose was legitimate: she could not protest. Yet it was with misgivings that she suffered him to leave her and twice she turned to observe his movements. He appeared to have forgotten her entirely; his eyes were following every turn of the little, rolling cubes.

The game was a peculiar one and it was not remarkable that Jed, unskilled as he was in such matters, should be puzzled by its intricacies. The polite stranger was still in evidence, betting from time to time—as he felt his luck coming, he said. Some slight sums were wagered with varying results; in Jed the mere sight of the money begat a great desire to take part in the play. Finally he tossed a twenty-five cent piece upon the "lay out;" it fell on the square containing the number sixteen.

"Now someone else to make it two!" droned the gambler. The polite stranger placed a similar sum on the same square.

"I 'll go you. 'Think you 're lucky, young feller." This to Jed, who seized the dice and rolled them out upon the table. He added their numbers up slowly; the sum was twenty-seven. The square on the "lay out" in which this number rested was labelled: "Double the stakes." The banker, forwith, doubled the amount which had originally been equal to the wagers of both of his opponents and handed the dice to the polite stranger. Jed did as the

others, mechanically. The polite stranger threw the dice upon the board, counted their numbers with astonishing rapidity and called :

"Fourteen ! Double again ! I tell you, you 're lucky ; we 're gettin' into him, young feller." Jed took on a swagger air, as he tossed the required silver piece upon his pile.

"Gi' me the bones !" he said. "We' ll show 'im, pardner." This time again, Jed's arithmetic was rusty and before he had half finished adding up the numbers, the stranger called "Twenty !" and tried to take the dice. But Jed pushed his arm aside, determined to count it himself. Drawing his hand back, the stranger turned one of the cubes as if by accident ; the sum was as he had announced it.

"That 's another roll !" he shouted. "Tell y' what, I 'll double it again, if you will." Jed demurred. "O ! Beg pardon. ' Thought you were a sport."

"Shut up," said the banker. "Can 't you give 'im time to git his money out ?" Before he was quite aware of it, Jed had made his whole stake two dollars. The stranger spilled the dice carefully upon the board. The sum was twenty-seven again.

"We 'll get a good bet here, in a minute," he said. "Double once more." He suited the action to the word. Jed remained dumb, his eyes were blood-shot ; his hand twitched as he reached to count the money he had placed upon the table.

"Well ?" queried the gambler.

"Aint got but a dollar more," muttered Jed, fumbling in his pocket.

"Put that up, young feller — that 's all right ! You 'll git another throw 'f I have to pay for it myself," said the polite stranger. While Jed was gratefully producing the coin, the stranger took the dice and rolled them from the box, carefully ; one struck Jed's hand and turned over.

"Hold on !" cried the banker. "Y' can 't fool with the

bones that way. Y' tryin' to cheat me?" The watchers drew away from Jed, regarding him with suspicion. He only glanced at them and then bent to count the numbers. "That do n't go!" vociferated the gambler. "Y' fooled with them dice!"

"Sixteen!" shouted Jed. "I win! Gi' me the money! Who cheated? Fur two cents I'd choke y', y' hound!"

"No. You should n't have touched the dice, young feller," the polite stranger broke in. "Roll 'em over again."

"But I've won; it's mine!" repeated Jed over and over again. The gambler came around from behind his table and shook him.

"Do n't be a damn fool!" he shouted. "I tell y', y' tried t' skin me. I'll give y' another chance; now roll 'em again." Jed threw him back against the circle of by-standers; he was furious with rage.

"It's you that's tryin' t' cheat me!" he roared.

"That's what they all say!" answered a man who had forced his way through the rapidly growing crowd. "Throw 'im out!" He and the polite stranger grasped Jed by the collar and flung him out of the mass of people. "There! Y' want t' be glad y' aint been arrested fur a thief." Said this new participant in the altercation. Many of the later-comers heard only this remark. The expression passed from mouth to mouth. They elbowed him away from them, and Jed, penniless, bewildered, choking with an inexpressible sense of the injustice of it all, staggered toward the grandstand, followed by cat-calls and epithets of abuse.

He found Hetty waiting for him at the head of the stairway leading to the rows of seats. She noticed his disheveled appearance; for a moment her heart stood still from a nameless fear.

"What's the matter, Jed?" she asked, leading him to a seat. Alone with a sympathetic listener, he poured forth the deluge of incoherent accusations, anathemas and curses

he had been too dumb-founded or too terrified to voice before.

She accorded him a tender sympathy, was indignant at the attitude of the crowd and appreciative of the significance to him of his losses ; there was no note of reproach in what she said, but in her heart the relation of the incident left her sick with the thought of the notoriety which it engendered, of the shame which it entailed. She could not have voiced what she felt, but a great desire seized her to leave, to hide from the curious eyes of those who had observed Jed's predicament, it was as if tares had been sown in the happy garden of their day ; the beauty of it was gone. Jed sat silent, now, possessed by a sort of dumb rebellion. Hetty rose.

"Let 's go, Jed — let 's git away." It was not a suggestion, it was a command. He obeyed, submissively. They sought the buggy without further remark, hitched up and drove out of the grounds, hot, dusty, dejected. Their day was ending miserably, yet beyond the blue hills towards which they turned, the sun shone, a dull red, imparting something of its color to the sky, to the clouds, to the very trees through which it might be seen. There was a prodigal glory spread over the world. In the cool and peace of the country road they found a reaction from their former unrest. Hetty sank back in the seat with a sigh, dropped her sun-bonnet to the floor of the carriage and folded her hands contentedly in her lap. With the passing of each moment, the incidents of the day grew less clearly defined till they seemed at last to have been withdrawn into a shadowy land where all was perfect, the petty discomforts blended into the greater joy.

They drove slowly. Jed was moody still. Hetty glanced at him, then remembered.

"Jed," she said, "did y' lose all y' had?"

He nodded, choking with indignation and a new feeling

of self-pity. She placed her hand on his and when she took it away there lay a silver dollar. He did not move for a moment, then a wave of gratitude swept over him. He pushed the money back, protesting. She only smiled and insisted.

"Yore pa gave it to me t' spend. I forgot it. 'Wish 't was more." He took it finally, and with its possession seemed to feel the memory of his loss slip away from him. They talked of common things and in the homely atmosphere of familiar conversation he lost the last vestiges of his ill humor.

Slowly the twilight gathered about them and the big, round moon peered over the tree tops. They were nearing home and both had again fallen silent. For Hetty, the wearisome routine of the kitchen was once more at hand. She was thinking of the joy of this unique day—and of Jed who had brought it to her. There had not been much kindness in her life and of this the greatest had been given by him. The impression left by his fancied appreciation of her confusion in the morning returned to her; in the uncertain light of the moon she found him manly and strong and considerate. Her youth and the unvoiced dreams of certain nights of the past when peace would not come to her and the world seemed full of dreams—these woke in her now; she leaned against his shoulder, happy in being near to him. A desire to have him more to her than a temporary companion moved her strangely; she bent her head until her hair brushed his check and, as if in answer to her impulse, he stretched his arm along the back of the seat so that it touched her gently. She could feel the beating of her heart, her breath came quicker, she no longer knew what she thought—she felt, and that was all-sufficient.

In Jed the sight of her rounded form, the touch of her hair, the proximity of this woman bred a new desire. He scarcely knew its purport; instinctively, he drew her to

him and kissed her. She was unresisting. Reluctant at first, her hesitation gave place to another terror: that the joy of the moment would pass, that it would not come again. She clasped her arms about his neck and held him close to her; a wave of submission, undefinable, purposeless, possessed her whole being. She bent her head upon his shoulder and trembled at his clumsy caress. Neither spoke for a long time, while Hetty clung to him, keenly alive to every unfamiliar sensation. The situation was not unpleasant to Jed; her evident yielding flattered his vanity and a feeling of satisfaction stole over him. He, too, was unwilling to contemplate a return to the former relation of mere acquaintanceship. Perhaps, when the glamor of the night should be gone, she might regret. There must be something more irrevocable to bind them together.

"Hetty," he said.

"Jed?"

"Will y' promise me somethin', Hetty?" He felt her nod. "Anythin' I want?" There was a pause. She was not considering the possible nature of his request; in her mind one question alone was paramount. The happiness of the moment was the greatest of her life: might it be worth everything else?

Jed grew impatient; his fingers strayed about her hair; he tipped her head back and looked into her eyes. Suddenly she closed them.

"Hm?" he queried.

"Anythin' y' want, Jed." She drew him to her and kissed him again and again. "Anythin' y' want, Jed—anythin'."

He seemed confused by her acquiescence; he had wished to ask her never to forget their day—now, that was insignificant beside the complete surrender which she had made to him. He tried to form some request worthy of granting. As he thought, slowly, a great desire invaded him to keep this woman as his own for all his life. He grasped her

roughly, and the desire lent him the words he sought.

"Hetty, I—I want y' t' marry me," he said. "Will y'?"
There was no reply. Vaguely he wondered why she was silent. Suddenly, he felt her head shake convulsively upon his shoulder. The reaction had come: she was weeping.

Paxton Pattison Hibben.

When Children Smile.

When children smile, why is it that we feel
That in their eyes there is no trace of guile?

No. Mirth and gladness are most surely real
When children smile.

Their dark eyes, big with thought, grow bright awhile
With thoughts one would not think they could conceal—
For eyes and lips are hard to reconcile.

It is the eyes of childhood that reveal
The laughter of a child that can beguile;
Yet somehow we can hear that laughter peal
When children smile.

Raymond Boileau Mixsell.

Editorial

A Few Words

The labor of the editors of The Nassau Literary Magazine for the class of nineteen hundred and three is over and it is not unfitting that a brief review of what has been begun, attempted, and accomplished during the past year be made in this department of the publication. With such a purpose in view, then, there is here set forth a species of, as it were, post-spectus—a key to what has been and a guide to what may yet be. The Nassau Literary Magazine was left to the management of the present editors, by a long line of illustrious predecessors; it is now left by the same line, to the number of which has been added one more, in the hands of worthy successors: Raymond Sanderson Williams of Maryland, Managing Editor; George Tucker Bispham, Jr., of Pennsylvania; Maxwell Struthers Burt of Pennsylvania; McQueen Salley Wightman of South Carolina; Edward Harshberger Butler of Washington and Robert Ernest Rinehart of Indiana.

It were at least commendable if each class in taking charge of this, Princeton's oldest publication, were to endeavor to add something towards the perfection of what must one day be the PERMANENT character of the magazine. Fads and fancies come and go but something of the best of what is given by each board of editors remains. If it be given thoughtfully, with proper consideration of its possible place in the development of an ideal undergraduate monthly, its influence is the more apt to be useful and lasting. It was with a full appreciation of this, that the editors for the class of nineteen hundred and three undertook to give, as far as in them lay, two things to The Nassau Literary Magazine as it shall be for all time. The first of these is perfection of form.

The circulation of the monthly has never been a large one; of recent years, therefore, the expenses of its publication have necessarily been borne in part by the editors. Under the circumstances, the inducements to the making of substantial improvements in the appearance of the magazine have not been sufficiently great to warrant any radical changes; there were none. It remained to the present board of editors to make the needed alterations regardless of the expense involved and to trust that the men of Princeton would appreciate the work thus done for them and give the undertaking their support. A graduate advisory committee was formed; the best expert advice upon typography, press work and the materials of publication was secured and has guided the present editors throughout their term of management; The Nassau Literary Magazine was made a sightly periodical, good to look upon and the best obtainable with the facilities at hand. The establishment of a University Press would, of course, furnish further opportunities for perfecting the form and appearance of the monthly; that, however, is a work for the future. Partly on account of these improvements, partly on account of the character of its contents the circulation of the magazine has increased; this, together with the earnest and successful efforts of the business department, has enabled the present editors to leave their charge free of debt, existing upon a paying basis.

By Way of

Summation

No less important is the fact that a consistent continuity has been given the editorial policy of the magazine; living questions have been handled, and handled in detail, without fear or favor. From its very nature, this magazine is the sole undergraduate forum for the discussion of the more complicated problems which arise in the growth of the University. That it has not recently been made so, may be due to many causes. It remained to the present board of editors to adopt a point of view from which The

Nassau Literary Magazine does and for some time to come shall continue to regard the various complexities attendant upon University education, in so far at least as they affect the undergraduate body. This point of view may be defined as one involving A THOROUGH APPRECIATION OF THE PROPER PERSPECTIVE OF THE SEVERAL INTERESTS WHICH GO TO MAKE UP UNIVERSITY LIFE. We cannot emphasize too strongly how absolutely indispensable such an attitude of mind is in preserving the utility, the sanity and the individual character of Princeton University. In our own humble way, through this department of The Nassau Literary Magazine, we have been privileged to urge steps which we believe would assist in the achievement of this necessary undergraduate attitude of mind. It is our understanding that the future writer of these editorials purposes to carry on this policy and to hand it down as it were a tradition to his successor. May it be even so!

And of

Farewell.

As long as there shall remain in the University one vehicle for the freest expression of undergraduate opinion AS IT SHOULD BE, as long as there shall remain among the students of the University one voice to speak always of the highest ideal of sanity and broadmindedness, the tendency of the age may be what it will: Princeton will be the Princeton we believe it; the sons of Old Nassau will be proud of their fostering mother.

One word more. You who are undergraduates are the custodians of Princeton's honor and her greatness; if you are one-sided, the inference of the world is that Princeton is one-sided; if you are narrow, the inference of the world is that Princeton is narrow. Wherefore, let your interests lie in many fields, of which you shall see always the relative value. Be just, be sane, be true. And may the best that the world has to give be yours—for the earning!

I thank you.

Paxton Pattison Hibben.

Gossip:

OF WHETHER OR NO THINGS ARE WHETHER OR NO

"And thus ends all that I doubt that I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer."

Pepys' Diary, May 31, 1669.

"I have no use for the man who could wish to go through life singing only in the major key and be unaware of the deeper harmonies of the minor."

The Gossip for March.

"There was a young person named Hyde

Who once at a funeral was spied.

When asked who was dead,

He giggled, and said:

'I do n't know. I just came for the ride.'"

Hymn 415, New Chapel Hymn-Book.

And a most enjoyable ride it has been, to be sure. However unpleasant the habit of introspection may be, the Gossip finds a joy in retrospection. Not the joy at the completion of a task well done, for firstly the Gossip is a modest personage, and secondly he is loath to relinquish his touch upon the academic pulse.

Yes, the trip has been a pleasant one. When the Gossip began his task just twelve months ago, he made out a little prospectus of what he intended to say and to do. "He shall observe all of the dainty and startling anomalies which present themselves to view, from the classic garb boxes (pardon the expression) to the seductive music of the hat bands playing upon the front campus during senior singing."

True, a few wisacres have professed to disagree with the Gossip's diagnosis of certain isolated cases. Perhaps as a protesting outsider on one particular topic of common interest he has seemed in his "quiet buzzing" to be kicking against the pricks. From the standpoint of a look into the past, however, he feels that he has been given a fair hearing.

At all events, his critics who have given voice to their opinions in that arena of university publicity, *The Daily Printsanything*, to borrow *The Tiger's* phrase, have run the gamut of pleasure and pain. The assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine* spake of him as a "literary gymnast,"

and the talented young editor of our official alumni organ referred to his work as "accomplished with simple, unaffected strokes, no fine writing."

Gratifying as these things be, the task has not been devoid of thanklessness. The Gossip has never received a single word of encouragement from Edward VII, Blind Tom, or any other august personages. Not once has the faculty given him a vote of thanks or awarded him a silver loving-cup. Nevertheless the Gossip has experienced all the pleasures that wicked old Samuel Pepys must have felt when he set down in his diary the vagaries of his friends or his quarrels with his wife.

But so much for the Gossip's bleeding heart, and for the past. The future now stares us in the face. That future is big with questions, and those questions will have to be solved. Are we evolving into a university? Can Grinder and Sporticus ever meet upon common ground? Are we graduating a class of snobs or of Princeton men? These things are more important than the tutorial system or new buildings, although the Gossip will not attempt to solve them for the public delectation. What he is now going to do in order to satisfy the clamoring demand of the printer and such for more copy, is to set down before he departs a few of his impressions—an appreciation as it were of his task.

First it has developed in him the faculty of observation. Have you ever gone into George and Bob's and observed that from four certain tables the gothic arched doorway of Dodge Hall may be seen through a rift in the window curtain? Have you ever noticed that nine persons out of ten will peel the tin foil from their bottles of Bud? Do you know that Sammy the Policeman rings the bell of Old North? Perhaps you do know all of this and much more that must not be breathed aloud in print.

And the Gossip believes that his task of the past year has made him an optimist—at least he feels that he is optimist enough to think so. This quality, after all, is the only one worth getting in a university education. The Gossip once heard Sporticus say: "If I only had a little more time, I should so like to devote it to my studies."

And it is true. Studies are only secondary matters, for life comes first.

Dear me! how the Gossip has been running on. He suspects that he is trying to pad his pages because of the dearth of thought and ideas occasioned by the benches, green grass, trees and warm sunlight. But his course is run and his successor is chosen. The ink is running low in his bottle and his typewriter refuses to write. It remains but to stop.

Raymond Boileau Mixsell.

Editor's Table

"I thank you: and be blest for your good comfort—"

—*As You Like It.*

You have all been very good to me. I do not remember that any other single year of my life has been made more pleasant to me than this whose close is marked for me by the closing pages of the fifty-eighth year of the life of The Nassau Literary Magazine. And this remark is addressed not only to those who have been my friends here in this dear, dear place, but to those whose hearts and souls, speaking through the pages of the magazines of other colleges, have made themselves friends of whom they have not dreamed.

During the past year it was my good fortune to read some five hundred issues of college magazines as they came to this Table. I have counted this a good fortune for two reasons: because such reading is the best possible index to the literary work of young collegians, virginibus puerisque, and because, despite the mass of weak and amateur expression which is found in every college magazine without exception, there has been as well the sort of writing that makes us glad we once learned how to read, glad that there is in the young people of the present day a potential factor in letters and their present work is strong enough, joyous enough, simple, reserved and fine enough, to give "good comfort" to their readers, whosoever and wheresoever they may be.

The present state always presages the future. Can it be said that this work which we young people have done in this past year is too inconsequential, is the fruit of too slight an experience, and altogether too unsafe a criterion to be an index of our future work, which means, no less, the future of some fraction of the nation's literary history? We want to think otherwise.

We think, naviely, that it is "pretty good stuff" and that there are great things ahead for American letters. But fifty years from now we will be able to tell better.

All that we can say now is that some of the verse has been what college verse should be—lyric, spontaneous, joyous and full of the spirit of healthful youth; and some stories have been cheerful and sane, treating with a sane and kindly philosophy, of persons and places which the writer knows and loves, and which we are constrained to love because their depicor does; and some essays have shown evidences of care and scholarship which will help their authors all through life. These are the kinds of contributions which gave pleasure to their readers this year and which will give pleasure to other readers next year. Into your verses put the optimism of youth; into your stories put the life of which you are a part. Into all your work put your soul. This is all the best.

I thank you; and be blest for your good comfort.

Samuel McCoy

Book Talk

Hegel's Logic. By Professor John Grier Hibben. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Professor Hibben has made a valuable addition to the list of important books by Princeton men in his *Hegel's Logic, An essay in Interpretation*. That just such a lucid and systematic explanation of the Hegelian principles as the book contains is of no small importance to students of philosophy and the kindred branches of mental science is made clear by the opening sentences of Professor Hibben's preface: "In his *Logic* 'Hegel has endeavored to incorporate the essential principles of philosophy which in the development of the world's thought have forced themselves upon men's convictions, and have been attested by a general consensus of opinion. An insight into the Hegelian system means, therefore, comprehensive and appreciative grasp of the history of philosophy in the salient features of its progress.'" The task of putting clearly into brief space the meat of this Hegelian philosophy is by no means a light one, and it is especially satisfactory to the average reader that Professor Hibben has approached this undertaking with the conservative intention to accomplish so much and no more, "It is my conviction," he says, "that the text of the *Logic* is self illuminating, that 'Hegel is his own best interpreter.'" With this statement of his conviction, the author straightway becomes the guide of his readers, not their mentor.

The introductory chapter is designed to explain the Hegelian concept that philosophy is the science of thought and to elucidate and enlarge upon this hypothesis. This line of procedure leads Professor Hibben to set forth Hegel's summary of the characteristics of thought in general as being of a dynamic, constructive, interpretative and personal force, and his postulation for thought activity of "a definite number of comprehensive universals to which all others may be referred." These are called categories, and the system of philosophy contained in Hegel's *Logic* is defined as "a natural history of these categories." These categories arise in the development of a thought-process, which takes the form of a dialectic, in which the three stages of Hegelian thought are exhibited: thesis, dealing with abstract understanding; antithesis, dealing with negative and synthesis, dealing with positive, reason. The bulk of the remainder of Professor Hibben's introduction is devoted to a detailed discussion of these. He does not close his forword, however, without an exposition of Hegel's criticism of the various attitudes of thought to the objective world; that of the metaphysician; that of the empiricist, of

whom he considers Hume an example; that of the critical philosopher, such as Kant; and, finally, that of the intuitionist, such as Jacobi. Having pointed out Hegel's objections to each method, Professor Hibben presents that of the philosopher under his consideration. This consists of three doctrines: that of Being, which deals with substance; that of Essence, which deals with cause; and that of Notion, of which the fundamental category is purpose. The Hegelian theory is that complete knowledge embraces all of these, and, as his commentator points out, Hegel's logic is an elaborate working out of this scheme, to the exposition of which Professor Hibben devotes the greater part of his book. The two final chapters, however, are given to an elucidation of the relation of the logic to the philosophy of nature and that of the mind. Here is set forth the Hegelian tenet that the logic is a scheme of principles or categories found in the world of the concrete and comprising, as it were, the intellectual framework of the universe.

By no means the least valuable portion of Professor Hibben's book is the appendix which he has added to it, consisting as it does of a glossary of the more important philosophical terms in Hegel's Logic. It, indeed, constitutes an important feature of Professor Hibben's work, valuable alike to the scholar and to the uninitiated reader.

P. H.

Golden Fleece. By David Graham Phillips. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company. \$1.50.

Doubtless Mr. David Graham Phillips took refuge behind his Shakespeare and adopted as the motto of his recent book: "Let the stricken deer go weep." That were not a bad idea, did our author but exhibit to us a cross section of the world; when, however, he leads the unsuspecting reader into a very vale of tears, a paddock of "galled jades — one is impelled to question the aim of it all. A satire is an excellent thing in its way, but its utility to the reader must depend largely upon the traits of character or courses of action left unsaturated — for these, it may be inferred, are the bases upon which a more desirable condition of affairs may be built. If, however, there be nothing, of all that is included in the scathing screed, that remains unburned by the acid of criticism, the *raison d'être* of such a satirical production may not appear as clearly as could be desired.

In *Golden Fleece*, certain phases of American life are skillfully overdrawn, certain inconsequent classes of people are held up to ridicule, certain social anomalies are shown to be invidious; but there is not a frank, clean, honest man in the book; not a well-bred, refined, completely-poised girl in the story. Such contrast as may be drawn, must be drawn from the sanguine consciousness of the average reader; yet he cannot but be aware that Mr. Phillips is much more conversant

with the conditions in "society" than is he — there lies the danger in such a book: Mr. Phillips is doubtless in a position to know whereof he speaks; there may be those who will seek more than a grain of truth in what he says, while perhaps there is not even so much.

The promise given in Mr. Phillips' earlier work, *The Great God Success*, led those who perused it to expect better things of the author — not more clever, for *Golden Fleece* is at least brilliant, but more nearly worth the time spent in reading them. The promise has not been redeemed by his latest production; fortunately, there is yet time.

The illustrations, by Harrison Fisher, are well suited to the work; the book itself is exceptionally well gotten up by the publishers.

P. H.

The Story of a Bird Lover. By William Earl Dodge Scott. New York: The Outlook Company. \$1.50.

Mr. W. E. D. Scott, curator of the department of Ornithology in the University, has added a most acceptable contribution to the literature dealing with that department of natural history. The work is well named; no one can read it without an increasing conviction that Mr. Scott is, indeed, a lover of birds. As such, he has given to the world of those who have this interest in common with him no little occasion for pleasure and satisfaction, to be drawn from the perusal of *The Story of a Bird Lover*. To the general public, the book will have a less particular, though, one is fain to believe, no less personal value than it possesses for the naturalist; and, as the majority of those who will read the book will doubtless come under the former head, one may be pardoned for considering the work in a somewhat cursory way. That it is charmingly written, with an air of ingenuous causerie; that it contains descriptions revealing no little appreciation of the beautiful things in all nature; that, finally, it is of a sufficiently general character to be universally intelligible and of a sufficiently precise nature to be also useful, would be reason enough to insure the book a wide hearing and broad circle of friends. Those qualities which Professor Gross believes essential to the success in the handling of animal study, Mr. Scott undeniably possesses; and as a consequence, a permanent place for his work is insured.

As a traveller, Mr. Scott is the more interesting, since he has been a most observing one; as a discoverer, not only of familiar birds in strange places, or strange birds in familiar places, but of new beauties in the non-human life of the earth, the author commands admiration and attention. Above all, his work is dressed, as it were, in home-spun, but home-spun of a fine, substantial quality — a phraseology grateful to those who find simplicity welcome, a manner of writing almost conversational in its character. To those who spend much of their time in the vicinity of the

University town, the chapter devoted to Princeton will be of especial interest—and of this, not the least, that part in which is set forth divers entertaining anecdotes relating to Grouse, the dog who “was a gentleman.”

The publishers have prefaced the book with a charming introduction which will go far towards putting the reader who may not have the fortune to know Mr. Scott, personally, into immediate and intimate touch with him; it is only to be deplored that the frontispiece is not equally excellent—an illustration is of value only as it is pleasing to the eye and of material assistance in enabling the reader to understand what he is perusing.

P. H.

The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song. By Robert Loveman.
New York: The Knickerbocker Press. Price \$1.00.

A reader of the poems in the magazines would have noticed the very apparent beauty and feeling of those by Mr. Loveman which have appeared in this manner. These have now been collected in his latest book entitled *The Gates of Silence*, and bid well to rival the well merited praise of this first little volume of verses. Mr. Loveman has undoubtedly very strong poetical intuition, and he has succeeded in placing his thoughts in as pleasing a form as most of the present day poets seem to be capable of doing. They are all what are called occasional verses and are without elaborate scheme or length. The author seems to be a firm believer in Poe's theory of the necessary shortness of poems, and the brevity of these would certainly have pleased Poe. The poems have sincerity and musical interpretation, which is the same as saying that they come from his soul and that he has acquired the necessary art to appropriately adorn them. The mystery of the human soul, and its travels after death, the fathomless depth of the heavens, the evolution of all things to the unknown, a sympathy with nature and her arch wisdom of flowers and birds and butterflies, happiness in the peace of faith and the God of nature, are what impress his mind and inspire his song. The best of the verses seem to us to be the song

It is n't raining rain to me
It's raining daffodils.

We doubt whether there are many men who could see the visions of violets, daffodils and roses in the gloom of the falling rain. Other verses that arrest the attention are “What of the men of Mars,” and the song “The Dawn is a wild fair woman.” Mr. Loveman puts a great deal into eight lines, and the result, though it may not be great poetry, is sufficiently poetical to make pleasant reading.

L. W. W.

Glimpses of Colonial Society and the Life at Princeton College 1766—1773. By One of the Class of 1763. Edited by W. Jay Mills. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00

Mr. W. Jay Mills, who wrote *Historic Houses of New Jersey* has added a valuable and interesting contribution to Princeton literature in his latest book. *Glimpses of Colonial Society* is for the most part a collection of letters written by William Paterson (1763) to various friends of his undergraduate and early graduate days, and they give us a picture of Princeton life which is nowhere to be found in the ordinary history of that time. Paterson, who was the popular man of his class, has a large share of the honor of founding Clio Hall, and after he left college he held, among other offices, those of United States Senator and Governor of New Jersey, besides having been a co-worker with Hamilton in drafting the Constitution. But the "gentle reader" or "simple student" should not let all these titles scare him from a perusal of the book. The letters, by the way, are written in a lighter vein than is most of the correspondence of Paterson's period, and they range all the way from a discussion of the kiss of Laura Lee and Betsey Randolph to an account of Commencement. A particularly entertaining portion is that dealing with the escapades of the young patrol of Rensselaerswyck as an undergraduate. In addition to the letters, Mr. Mills has inserted two poems on Betsey Stockton, "The Belle of Princeton"—one of which was read in Clio Hall twenty years before the earliest recorded exercises of that society—and some of the campus songs then in vogue. The book is handsomely bound in orange and black with a picture of Nassau Hall in 1763 on the cover. It is dedicated to "All Lovers of Princeton University and Its Illustrious Past," and every Princeton man who reads it will find it deeply interesting and well worth keeping.

W. F. S.

Business and Love. By Hugues Le Roux. New York: Dodd Mead & Company. \$1.20.

Those who remember the kindly and charming gentleman who honored the undergraduates of the University by addressing them thrice in the course of the brief visit which he paid to Princeton last year, will find a particular and personal interest in the latest book from the pen of M. Le Roux. The title which the author has given his work is somewhat misleading: the book is far more sane, conservative and thoughtful than such nomenclature might induce the casual observer to infer. The theme is most pertinent, and the insight into what, to the author, are foreign conditions displayed in his treatment of his subject cannot but evoke admiration from any reader. We, who have heard so much of late on the topic of so-called "race suicide," are not a little surprised to find that a

stranger and a Frenchman, at that, has best been able to grasp the key to the situation and, unlocking the door of misunderstanding, to reveal to all who follow his exposition the causes, the conditions and the cures of one of our most complicated social problems. In short it is M. Le Roux, perhaps alone, who has appreciated the fact that not "race suicide" but *culture* suicide is the difficulty which confronts us. Briefly stated, this is shown to be true because the educated women of America are unwilling to marry, or when married, are inimical to the maternal obligation. Consequently, the future of the race, in this country, is dependent upon the poor and uneducated; as soon as these become either rich, educated or both, the prejudices of that station are adopted and they cease to add to the population of the country. The result is logical—and obvious: in spite of the establishment and support of countless institutions of learning throughout the United States, the people as a whole are becoming a less educated class, through a social situation which is unfortunately at variance with natural laws.

M. Le Roux, logic is incontrovertable, his statistics are astonishing—and his conclusion is undoubtedly just. But the question of a remedy is another matter. It is impossible for the American people to adopt the French arrangement by paternalism; that system is a growth, not a production. To the thinkers of the United States, the outlook is by no means so appealing as it doubtless appeared to this distinguished Frenchman; the solution of the question is at hand and lies not only, as M. Le Roux points out, in the common sense and adjustability of this people but in the very process of education which he deplures. As one of his countrymen has said: "Disgust is a sort of synthesis which attaches to 'the total form of objects and which must diminish and disappear as 'scientific analysis separates into parts what as a whole is so repugnant.' " Now it is reasonable to suppose that a disgust of the physical, fostered in the hypereducated, is the primal cause of the present unnatural state. Following M. Richet, then, it is only necessary that the general scientific education which has become so popular of late years, continue; when the state of being "well educated" shall have ceased to be a distinction for which women will strive to the prejudice of health; when, in fine, this state shall have taken on the character of a common possession—the problem will be solved, and solved in *knowledge*, as is in keeping with our ideals, and not in such ignorance (or innocence, if one prefers) as is the foundation of the French system.

Entirely outside of its character as a discussion of a problem, the book is not less valuable to the American reader. The style is refreshingly original and remarkably expressive; striking figures of speech, comparisons and contrasts are employed by the author to give virility and color to his pages. Above all, the attitude of fairness and conservatism maintained throughout by M. Le Roux is a source of constant satisfaction. Those who are familiar with the peculiar excellences of the French social system will thank this Frenchman from their hearts for his equit-

able and appreciative delineation of French life and manners, so worded as to be intelligible to all who peruse the work. Decidedly the book is enjoyable in many ways—and, too, it is one which every grown man and woman might do well to read and better still to form an opinion upon its content.

P. H.

The Misdemeanors of Nancy. By Eleanor Hoyt. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

"One could hardly approve of her; it was easy to adore her. If the fates had offered Nancy the choice of being approved or adored—she would have chosen the latter, without a minute's hesitation; so, on the whole, matters were satisfactorily arranged." There you have a picture of Nancy's personality: a most incorrigible flirt. It is impossible to take her seriously, she is so utterly irresponsible, and while we too must succumb to her charms—for a time—we have a sense of profound sympathy for poor Bobby, "the man who came often." Still his persistency is rewarded in the end, probably after Nancy discovers herself on the verge of becoming *passée* and realizes that soon Bobby may not stand her caprices forever. Nancy's natural ingenueness is her redeeming quality, for, were she to be affected, she would be spoiled. The book is very much in the style of the *Dolly Dialogues*—without the quiet dignity of *Dolly*, however. She is at her best in the episode of the French cook, the cleverest chapter in the book to our mind, since it shows a truly adorable Nancy. There, for once, she is not seeking a proposal for the mere pleasure of "turning it down" (to use a slang phrase) as is so often the case with her. What is the secret of Nancy's popularity with every man she met? Well, *entre nous* one will confess that we believe it is found in the following sentence:

"The discussion ended with Nancy's being kissed. Discussions in which Nancy takes part often end that way. Frequently they begin with the same formula."

But of course we will give the girl the benefit of a doubt.

W. F. S.

Cartoons by McCutcheon. By John T. McCutcheon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

Caricature has long since been recognized as an art; Tenniel and Cappiello need no introduction to readers of English and French magazines,

nor are the late Thomas Nast and the omnipresent Mr. Davenport altogether unfamiliar to the American public. But humorous "art" is another matter: as we now know it, it is a mushroom growth, yet a very extended growth indeed. Phil May, H. Gerbault, T. S. Sullivan (to take one prominent name as a type of many humorous artists in each country) have delighted the mind of many a weary laborer, who picks up a comic paper, only to find that its humorous quality is possessed of a certain antiquity—save for the pictures that adorn its pages. Hundreds of indifferent workmen in pen and ink have been seeking to accomplish just such an end few have succeeded any significant extent. Of these few, John T. McCutcheon of The Chicago Record-Herald is patently one.

Now-a-days, when a magazine "artist" gains a certain prominence in his work, it is customary for him to issue a book of drawings. McCutcheon has followed in the footsteps of "Chip," Wenzell, the ubiquitous Charles Dana Gibson and countless others, and placed one hun-

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dred drawings upon the market. In character these are mainly of a general interest, sometimes amusing, always clever. Their aim is not caricature but harmless fun ; in this they are successful. The majority of them are local or ephemeral in the nature of the subjects they depict and for this reason, less valuable. The remainder are quite above the ordinary. There is sympathy with humanity, a gentle irony, a true understanding of life in these drawings which deal with the life of a boy. The particular series *A Boy in the Springtime* or that entitled *A Boy in Fall-time* will bring back scenes of his childhood to many an older reader. They remind one of those inimitable productions which ornamented the earlier editions of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* ; it would be difficult to imagine higher praise. More, there is a real pathos in one of the best of the drawings, from a point of execution—that called *Decoration Day*. Those alone which fail to interest are the political or (one might call them) the sociological cartoons. Plainly McCutcheon's work lies in the line of humanity rather than in that of caricature. However, "*President Roosevelt Visits Mr. Cleveland at Princeton*" is, though somewhat personal, decidedly amusing.

P. H.

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David and Bathshua. By Charles Whiteworth Wynne. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

Shakespeare was a great romanticist and Shakespeare began poetic drama for the English people: the French were more fortunate: those who desire to essay dramatic creation turn primarily to the classic form, so bound up in traditional ideas and guide posts of sense and sound, that the writer cannot well go astray and still follow his models. It is like writing a sonnet; if the production be a sonnet at all, it cannot be very bad. But in England, the dramatist naturally turns to the first and greatest and takes Shakespeare at a pattern. It is an unfortunate choice in Mr. Wynne's case; Shakespearean diction, thought, manner of expression were very well in Shakespeare's day; to-day, we put ourselves in harmony with all of this that we may not lose anything of the other things that are Shakespeare's to give us. It is worth the trouble, in the case of, say, *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Julius Caesar*. It is worth the trouble in the case of *David and Bathshua*.

P. H.

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